



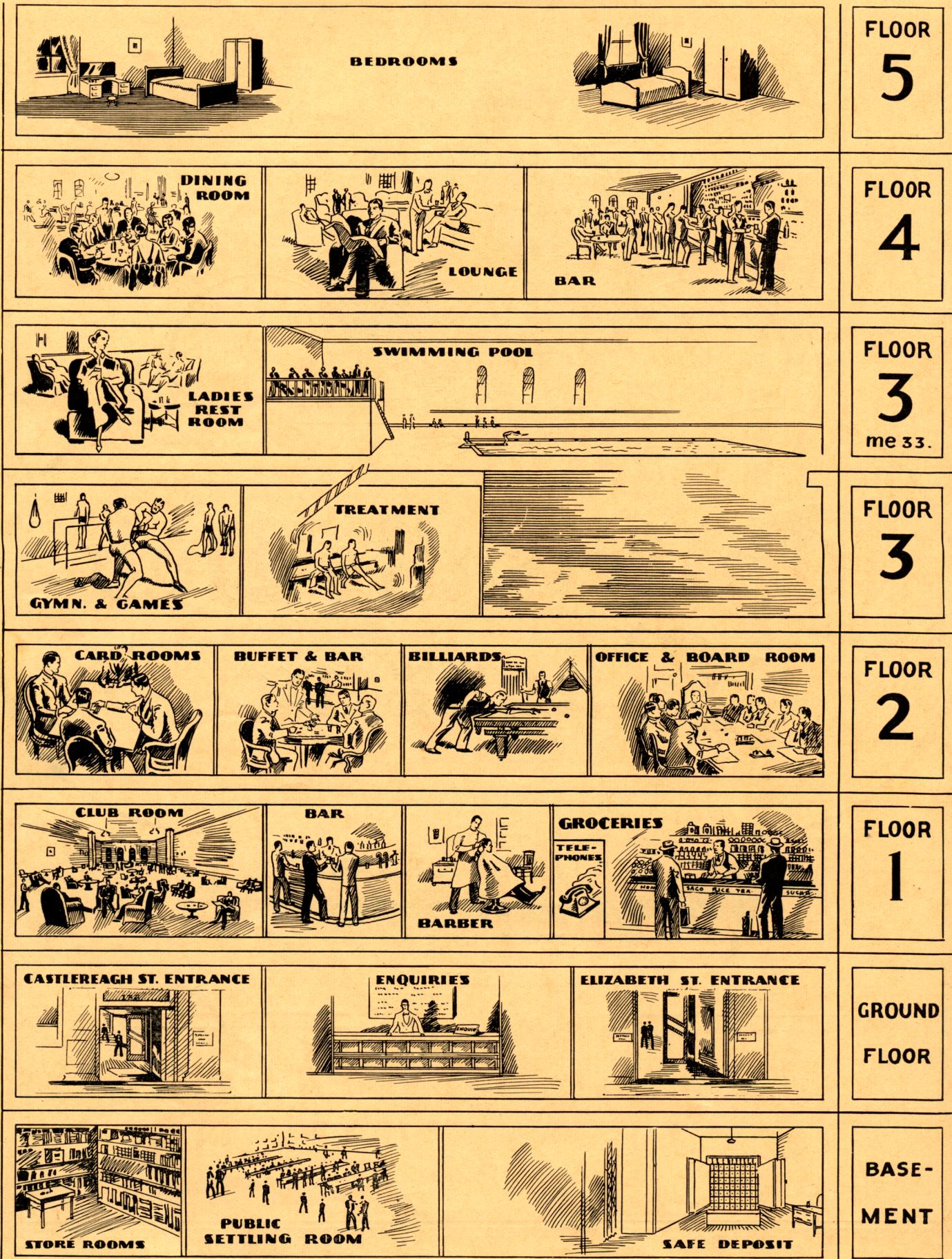
Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
**OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.**

Vol. 14. No. 9. 1st November, 1941.



ACTIVITIES OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB



TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

Vol. 14. No. 9

1st November, 1941



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The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 27th December, 1941 (in aid of The Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund of N.S.W.), and on Thursday, 1st January, 1942.

The Club Man's Diary

NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS:

14th, Mr. C. Salon; 22nd, Mr. J. H. O'Dea; 26th, Mr. R. R. Coote; 30th, Mr. H. Fay.

* * *

The toll of war may not be gauged only by casualty lists. There are careers of the youths going forward—careers disturbed at the least, broken at the worst. Professional courses and trade indentures interrupted may never be resumed. The boys themselves do not think of those things; which, perhaps is all for the best immediately. This club claims quite an honor list of sons and relatives of members who have chanced their futures by joining up and taking on a man's job. Bruce Low, son of Tom Low, Armidale sportsman, is one of that gallant company. He was in his third year of medicine at the Varsity when he enlisted. A splendid oarsman, he had rowed in Scots College eight and, later, for St. Andrew's College within the University.

* * *

Those who know Donald and Douglas, the sons of Billy McDonald, will follow their careers in the fighting forces with special interest, for they are grand boys, both of them, and typical of the Anzac breed. Donald, who was trained with the R.A.A.F. in Canada, has won his wings. Douglas, who had made a close study of wireless, is an operator with the forces. Dad himself won the championship of the N.S.W. Gun Club recently.

* * *

Club friends address C. M. Glynn as "Sam." Somebody offered as a solution the fact that when he was introduced first as C. M. the slurring of the initials phonetically suggested "Sam"—and so the name has stuck. Sam won the Easter Plate with his filly, Triad, which represents his first turf venture. She is being put into work again and will probably appear at Randwick in December.

It is appropriate that High Caste, the biggest horse racing to-day in Australia should have big men, physically, associated with its ownership. Not only are Harry and George Tancred large of stature; they have out-sizes in hearts swaying their human relationships.

Harry, the owner, is not so much in the foreground as is brother George in active association with High Caste, but Harry has all that which George has shown us: "win like a gentleman and meet disaster like a man" (those are Lord Palmerston's words).

In the racing game you can either take it or you can't. The way George took it after the Epsom-Metrop meeting touched a high water mark of sportsmanship. I saw him in the club, after the Epsom, yarning affably and unconcernedly, with George Allen, Rimveil's trainer.

The Tancred brothers were born in New South Wales, but went to N.Z. at an early age.

* * *

Once when I set out to get from W. C. Alldritt a personal story for this magazine he almost thwarted my purpose by talking of the achievements of others. He was built that way. A man of abiding loyalties, and self-effacing, his friends (particularly his friends of long years) were his dearest possessions. He never betrayed a friendship, and his honor code was high among sportsmen of this and a past generation. When Bill Alldritt died on October 7th everybody gave word to a genuine sorrow.

Even up to the time of his last comings and goings to and from the club Bill retained that springy gait and that symmetry typical of the class footrunner. He was in the top flight of amateurs and professionals, in turn, in what is becoming the long ago.

George Allen is one of our new members. As a trainer he has two good 'uns in Lo Dokes and Rimveil. While the latter is better known, shrewd judges predict big things for the former. "Leave it to George," as the saying goes.

* * *

Arthur Wigram Allen was one of the most sociable men I have ever met in a career much devoted to meeting men of all stations. He was genuinely without affectation and, if he inherited any quality more than another from his old and notable family it was that of noblesse oblige. Still I remember how he used to scorch in his electric brougham around the hills of Woollahra, notably Wallaroy Road, bordering on the flat plane of his Edgecliff road home. Boys on bikes used to whip behind. Arthur Allen didn't care. He retained the spirit of Peter Pan until the end. He had been a member of this club since 1929. He died on October 2.

On October 9 passed another popular club man, Edward T. Doney, whose membership dated back from 1927. The third loss by death was that of Dr. Alfred Hawthorne who had joined the club in 1938. They all will be missed from the family circle of members.

* * *

Nowadays, Mr. E. A. Nettlefold prefers to talk about golf, which he plays with that natural gift for games possessed only in rare instances. In other years he shone as a Rugby Union footballer, playing for the famous English club, Blackheath.

This revived a memory when we yarneled at lunch recently on extempore v. prepared speeches.

Mr. Nettlefold recalled the occasion when Blackheath, which he captained, had played Cardiff at Swansea. He had not expected that he would be asked to make more than a brief formal speech, in the way of returning thanks, at the dinner that night. So he had not bothered to

think about it. He found himself, however, burdened—burdened is the word—with the task of proposing the toast of the Welsh Rugby Union.

Now, there are two countries in the world in which Rugger is a religion. One is N.Z. The other is Wales. The city in which Mr. Nettlefold found himself was Welsh, the audience was Welsh (for the most part) and the topic was Welsh. Undismayed, he rose without time (as he explained) to think up a decent phrase. As he spoke, however, the words came without effort. He saw that he was making an impression and, finally, sat down to a round of cheering.

A member of the Blackheath team leaned across and whispered to Mr. Nettlefold: "Dam' fine speech. Tell me, who prepared it for you?"

* * *

After an ordeal in hospital, Jack Sears is back to form. Sittings at the card table reveal that he has forgotten nothing in the art of finesse. In such company as represented by Arthur Hurd, George Chiene, Clem Fader, Victor Burleigh and Claude Manning, Jack can hold his own—even at the post-mortems.

* * *

What I do not appreciate altogether about this age, for all its advancement, its high-powered personalities—and higher-powered publicity—is the self-centred men and insincere women it produces. They are not in the majority, but they are in numbers sufficient to be noticed. With them fawning has taken the place of frankness, and there is a craven spirit where once there was candor.

In this type, everybody backslaps everybody, and nobody trusts anybody. The creative minds are cast aside for the copyists. Everybody as with everything, is splurged adjectivally. The reserved person, like the restrained phrase, runs out of a place.

Probably those persons, and those conditions, represent no more than a phase. Do not let us be beguiled meantime into believing that the old—which in standard of behaviour

or friendship—is out-of-date just because it may happen to be regarded as conventional; nor despise the person old-fashioned in his preferences for the best passed on from the past.

* * *

The passing of Charlie White and Frank Futter—Vic. Futter, his brother, had died previously—tuned up the memories of some of us.

Charlie White from the 90's to the early 1900's, and the Futters in the early 1900's represented N.S.W. and Australia at Rugby Union football.

White's name became legendary. Playing on the wing he was a man and a half, often two men, by reason of his crashing style of running. He went through, not round.

Some will recall how, in the matches which Molyneux's British team played here in 1899, Gwynn Nichols, the classic Welsh centre, brought down White time and again by diving and catching him round the heels.

There has been only one Gwynn Nichols and only one Charlie White.

* * *

WINDS AND WAGERS

*The poet calls the wind the wynd.
The punter says:—"When it's behind
Me and I make my bet
I cease about the wind to fret,
(Or, if you please, about the wynd).
So long as luck to me is kind
And keeps, how'er I may have
sinned,
My wager on the 'win' in wind."*

* * *

I had lunched in the club with Tom Mutch on his birthday. Ours is an old friendship. We share membership of the ancient Fourth Estate, and have lived through vicissitudes to which newspapers and newspapermen are peculiarly heir. While trial and tribulation have overtaken journals which we served, Tom and I have neither languished nor lamented. I should say that, in view of mergers (and submergers), our literary longevity has been astounding. Tom and I disagreed violently but once—then, only professionally. The argument was about hanging, as I remem-

ber it. We burnt up quite a lot of newspaper space—he in opposition, I stating the case for the system of "a life for a life," which Tom Mutch regarded as a crudity at best and a crime at worst. Probably I would say now that I regard the system as a futility.

* * *

*Height of embarrassment: when
two eyes meet looking through the
same keyhole.*

* * *

Statement by a racing authority in this diary was that Cheery Jack would have been a "super-sensation" in seasons when flourished hurdlers which have left their mark on turf history—forty years ago, and more. Another authority edges in, not to be controversial (as he says) but to remind us of Malua and Friction. Malua, by the way, won the Melbourne Cup, two miles, the Newmarket, six furlongs, and the V.R.C. Grand National Hurdle Race, a record in all-roundness that has never been approached in Australia.

* * *

Then there was Arquebus, South Australian horse, which won the triple crown: V.R.C., Grand National, Douttagalla Hurdle, and Australian Hurdle. In the last-named race he was out in front, with daylight second, when the saddle slipped round to where the girth should be. Still, Harry Hall kept Arquebus going. So confident were many in the ability of jockey and horse that they rushed bookmakers venturesome enough to call ridiculous odds. The crowd was spellbound when the great horse won and weighed in.

* * *

The morning after the combined dinner of the yachting clubs two of the festive crowd were comparing notes. One confessed that he had suffered a very chilly reception at home.

"Well, well," put in the other. "When I arrived my wife put her arms around me affectionately, and . . ."

"So did mine," broke in the other, "but that wasn't affection; it was investigation."



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THE ROMANTIC LIFE OF EDGAR WALLACE

(By E. J. Gravestock)

To be born out of wedlock, to spend childhood days in the London slums, selling newspapers, dodging in and out of Billingsgate Fish Markets, with an indulgent foster father who was a fish porter; mixed up with a gang of boys in petty crime, and to die 58 years later owing £140,000 with no liquid assets is no mean achievement, even in these enlightened days. That, briefly, is the beginning and end of the late Edgar Wallace, journalist, author, playwright, and sportsman. Robert Horatio Edgar Wallace, as he was named by his mother, Polly Richards, an actress who, in an inexplicable fit of recklessness, succumbed to the charms of the son of a well-known dramatic actress of that day, who was also the proprietor of the touring dramatic show of which Polly Richards was a member. Edgar Wallace's mother was a very remarkable woman. She kept the birth of her child a secret from the Company, even from the father, who, incidentally, was about to marry another member of the Company.

When Edgar was 18, he joined the British Army, and in 1896 was shipped off to South Africa, just prior to the unfortunate Jameson raid, when that country was seething with racial hatred and turmoil. Encouraged by having verses of a topical song he had written sung by Arthur Roberts, the famous comedian, at the Palace Theatre, London, young Edgar carried on his study of writing verse, and the appearance of a poem by him in the "Cape Times" attracted the attention of Rudyard Kipling.

Flushed with his success, he decided to buy his discharge from the Army at a cost of £18 and take up journalism as a profession. His big opportunity came with the outbreak of the Boer War, in 1899, when he was appointed war correspondent for Reuters. The muddle and disasters of that campaign provided plenty of copy for thrilling dispatches to London, and Edgar Wallace found himself associated with veteran war correspondents, and younger contem-

poraries including Winston Churchill, who had made a name for himself as war correspondent to the "London Morning Post," who with his flair for sensation and indomitable courage of which we know so well to-day, had become as famous as any of the British generals engaged in the war. Edgar Wallace envied Churchill his opportunities of taking the limelight. After the relief of Mafeking, Reuter's, believing that hostilities would cease, recalled Wallace and gave him three months' leave in England. But the war dragged on, and Wallace returned to South Africa as war correspondent to the "London Daily Mail." His dispatches caused such a sensation in England that they aroused an excitable debate in Parliament. Wallace shrewdly evading the strict censorship regulations, secured definite information of the Peace Treaty which appeared in the "Daily Mail" a day ahead of its rivals.

After a triumphant visit to London, Wallace returned to South Africa as Editor of the "Rand Daily Mail" at £2,000, but this was not sufficient to meet his extravagant style of living in the frenzied atmosphere of Johannesburg. Race meetings at Turffontein, trotting at the Auckland Park Club, of which he was the director, the ups and downs of mining investments on the Stock Exchange, quickly landed him to debt. Wallace quarrelled with the proprietor of his paper so violently that he was compelled to resign. He returned to London, penniless. He secured a job as reporter on the "Daily Mail" and represented that journal on trips to various countries.

Meanwhile his first play had been written and produced in Cape Town, but his lack of stagecraft was so obvious that it had no chance from the time it went into rehearsal. Disappointed, but undismayed, he decided to write a novel of the thriller type which was to be launched with a terrific advertising campaign. The title was "The Four Just Men." The public were invited to solve the mystery and were offered prizes amount-

ing to £500 for correct solutions. The book received good reviews, but the cost of the advertising ate up all the royalties, and there was the prize money to find. He needed £2,000 to get out of his commitments. Thousands of solutions were pouring in, and letters were pouring in doubting the honesty of the scheme. As Wallace was still associated with the "Daily Mail," Sir Alfred Harmsworth came to his rescue and loaned him £1,000 to save him from public scandal.

But Wallace was soon in trouble again. Harmsworth in the "Daily Mail" and associated papers started a crusade against the "soap trust," and Edgar supplied the sob stories telling of the suffering caused to the poor British public by the increased cost of soap. The "soap trust" was beaten and it had to restore the sixteen-ounce bar, which it had reduced to fifteen. Lever Bros., however, as the main sufferers in the attack, sued the "Daily Mail" for libel. Wallace's stories of the suffering washerwoman came in for ridicule, his statements were proved to be absurd and untrue, and Lever Bros. were awarded £50,000 damages. This on top of an unchecked statement made by Wallace cost Harmsworth another £5000 and he was eventually dismissed from the Harmsworth Press.

With the doors of Fleet Street closed against him, Edgar Wallace struck hard times, and the racecourse—which always had a fascination for him—was even more attractive. He was able to place a few short stories and articles, when an astute fiction editor of a journal suggested that he use his knowledge of the Belgian Congo which he had gathered during his visit there for the "Daily Mail." Thus was "Sanders of the River" born. His success as story writer grew, and he was taken on again in Fleet Street by the "Standard" as a reporter, and Ascot Gold Cup day found him attired in grey topper and frock coat representing his paper with a liberal expense account. With a steady salary, his confidence returned, and he was able to bet in his old careless style. Edgar Wallace was not a racing expert in the true sense—he had no deep knowledge of horses, and he was not blessed with the patience of the racing professional. He absorbed all

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TWENTY YEARS OF GOLFING MEMORIES

The Choice Between Match and Medal Play

(By Louis T. Stanley)

"A field-marshall has his uniform, a bishop his silk apron, a counsellor his silk gown, a beadle his cocked hat. Strip the bishop of his apron, or the beadle of his cocked hat and gold lace, what are they? Men—mere men." Such merciless unfrockings can be seen on a competition day in almost any golf club. Men, whose match-playing qualities are never doubted, least of all by themselves, and are in the habit of crushing the opposition offered by their fellow-members in such contests, roam the fairways ill-at-ease and nervy, playing as if all hope had been abandoned on the first tee. Their demoralised demeanour is due to no physical disability, but to an innocent-looking card and a stub of a pencil, the outward insignia of the medal round.

Some golfers airily declare that they are equally at ease in both match and medal play. If that be true, then are they doubly blessed, for experience tends to show that the majority of golfers prefer the more care-free atmosphere of match-play to the grim process of registering faithfully each stroke, and in their preference they can claim the support of the late John Low, who once declared "golf is a contest

rather than a combat; but in medal play it sinks to the level of a competition." In fairness, however, it must be conceded that stroke play is probably the truer test, and it has the redeeming feature of painfully reminding us that we are not such good players as we imagined. Throughout such a test most of us find it impossible to free our minds completely of the haunting fear that one disastrous mistake might irretrievably ruin our chances, and even if we succeed in avoiding such disaster the thought is always uppermost in our minds that we can neither relax nor slacken our vigilance until the ball has been coaxed eighteen times into that impossibly small hole.

In match-play much of that constant strain is absent. Instead of battling against a bloodless spectre who never makes a mistake we are opposed by a fellow-being who is as liable to err as we are, and even if we do make a mistake there is the comforting thought that we can leave it behind us on the green instead of having it slung round our necks like a mill-stone increasing in weight after each hole. We can fritter away several strokes in the rough or require three or more putts on the

green with the reassuring knowledge that at the worst it only means the loss of one hole and not necessarily the end of the match. Our round thus becomes eighteen games in miniature with eighteen fresh starts and eighteen chances of making atonement for past failures. Then from the spectator's viewpoint the spectacle of two evenly matched antagonists engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle is far more exciting than the relentless pounding away by individuals, each working out his own salvation or damnation in widely separated corners of the links.

Some players, like Harold Hilton and Bobby Jones, might be said to have been better in stroke play than in matches, as both won their respective Open titles before succeeding in their Amateur counterparts. Various explanations for this have been put forward, but it would appear that when people most expected them to win such pre-championship predictions brought about opposite reaction and undermined their confidence, whereas in the Open Championship the opposition was considered to be more evenly matched and expectation was not so high. Many of Bobby Jones' match-play successes could be traced to his habit of converting them into stroke tests by substituting "Old Man Par" for his opponent, as he once said, "if you keep shooting par at them they all crack." Such relentless treatment is bound to prevail if you are capable of maintaining the pressure, but, even given the necessary skill, it can

(Continued on Page 16.)



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Highlights in the History of The Melbourne Cup

Highest weight ever carried to victory: Carbine (10.5), 1890.

Record time: Wotan (3.21 $\frac{1}{4}$), 1936.

Slowest time: 1864, Lantern (3.55).

Lowest weight: Banker (5.4), 1863.

Only horses to win twice: Archer (1861-1862), Peter Pan (1932-1934).

Jockey with most wins: R. Lewis (The Victory, 1902; Patrobus, 1915; Artilleryman, 1919; Trivalve, 1927).

Longest starting price: The Pearl (1871), Wotan (1936), Old Rowley (1940) all 100 to 1.

Shortest starting price: Phar Lap (1930), 11 to 8 on.

Record number of starters: 39 in 1890.

Lowest number: 7 in 1863.

Most places by one horse: Shadow King, third (1930); second (1931); third (1932); second (1933).

* * *

Richest Cup prize was in 1893, when Bitalli won. His owner received £10,288, while the minor place-money amounted to £3,000.

Carbine earned the second highest prize money—£10,200, with £3,000 also for the other place-getters.

Most memorable of all Cups was that of 1890, won by Carbine, who humped 10.5, conceding 53lb. to Highborn, who later won a Sydney Cup with 9.3!

Phar Lap won with 9.12 as a four-year-old, failed with 10.10 the following year, and, as a three-year-old, failed with 7.6.

Although many records give even money as Archer's price when he ran home in his second Melbourne Cup, an old racegoer told me in other years that the winner actually started at 2 to 1 against. The even money quote, he said, referred solely to the betting, Archer versus Mormon.

In the first Melbourne Cup—that of 1861—Mormon finished second to Archer, and these placings were repeated in the following year.

Actually, the shortest-priced favourite is Phar Lap, who started at 11 to 8 on when he won in 1930. Revenue was 7 to 4 against when he won in 1901.

* * *

Mr. De Mestre always claimed that he would have won the third Melbourne Cup with Archer had not his declaration of nomination been late. Those days it was necessary to advise the V.R.C. of intention to accept; nowadays, silence is taken as consent.

Mr. De Mestre telegraphed from Sydney to Mr. Richard Goldsborough in Melbourne, asking him to declare Archer's nomination. That day being a holiday in the southern capital, the wire was not delivered to Mr. Goldsborough until nominations had closed. A special meeting of the V.R.C. committee considered the unfortunate happening, but agreed that nothing could be done.

One who knew Mr. De Mestre well told me in days gone by that the old sportsman took the circumstance very much to heart and,

whenever he got his chance, turned conversation to that subject, as he considered Archer "a racecourse certainty" for his third Melbourne Cup—even with 11.4 up!

* * *

The Barb, according to racing history, would probably have been awarded the greatest steadier in Cup history had he started in 1870.

The Barb had won the Cup as a three-year-old in 1866. After he had carried 10.8 to victory in the Sydney Cup in 1869—he had carried 8.12 into first place the previous year—he was bought by Mr. Charles Reynolds from Mr. John Tait and taken to Tocal Stud.

So enamoured was Mr. Tait of The Barb's chance in the Melbourne Cup that he made a special journey to Tocal and begged Mr. Reynolds to let him train the horse for that race. The new owner would not hear of it.

Inquiries later showed that The Barb would have had to hump a record steadier over the two miles. Said "Honest John" Tait: "That wouldn't have stopped such a wonderful horse."

As a matter of fact The Barb was awarded 11.7 in 1869, the record top weight. The previous year he had shared top weight of 10.4 with Tim Whiffler. Archer, which won the first two Cups—1861 and 1862—carried 10.2 on the second occasion, and was awarded 11.4 for the Cup of 1863.

The Barb and Archer are the only horses which have been allotted

(Continued on Page 10.)

THE MELBOURNE CUP

Year	Winner	Age	Rider	Weight	Starting Price	Strs.	Time	Won by	Second Horse	Weight	Third Horse	Weight
1861	Archer	5	J. Cutts	9 7	6 to 1	17	3.52	6 lengths	Mormon	10 1	Prince	8 0
1862	Archer	6	J. Cutts	10 2	2 to 1	20	3.47	10 lengths	Mormon	9 12	Camden	8 7
1863	Banker	3	H. Chiffney	5 4	10 to 1	7	3.44	2 lengths	Musidora	8 5	Rose of Denmark	5 9
1864	Lantern	3	S. Davis	6 3	10 to 1	23	3.55	½ length	Poet	8 2	Rose of Denmark	8 3
1865	Toryboy	a	E. Kavanagh	7 0	20 to 1	28	3.44	4 lengths	Panic	10 0	Riverina	7 7
1866	The Barb	3	W. Davis	6 11	6 to 1	28	3.43	A head	Exile	7 10	Falcon	8 2
1867	Tim Whiffler	5	I. Driscoll	8 11	5 to 2	25	3.39	2 lengths	Queen of Hearts	5 12	Exile	7 10
1868	Glencoe	4	C. Stanley	9 1	10 to 1	24	3.42	A length	Strop	7 10	Shenandoah	7 5
1869	Warrior	6	J. Morrison	8 10	10 to 1	26	3.40	2 lengths	The Monk	7 0	Phoebe	7 10
1870	Nimblefoot	a	J. Day	6 3	12 to 1	28	3.37	½ head	Lapdog	7 0	Valentine	6 4
1871	The Pearl	5	J. T. Kavanagh	7 3	100 to 1	22	3.39	2 lengths	Romula	7 10	Irish King	6 0
1872	The Quack	6	W. Enderson	7 10	5 to 1	24	3.39	4 lengths	The Ace	8 4	Dagworth	7 12
1873	Don Juan	4	W. Wilson	6 12	3 to 1	24	3.36½	2 lengths	Dagworth	9 9	Horatio	7 13
1874	Haricot	4	P. Piggott	6 7	16 to 1	20	3.37	½ head	Protos	8 9	The Diver	6 10
1875	Wollomai	6	R. Ba:ty	7 8	16 to 1	20	3.38	2½ lengths	Richmond	6 3	Goldsbrough	9 9
1876	Briseis	3	P. St. Albans	6 4	7 to 1	33	3.36	2 lengths	Sybil	6 0	Timothy	7 0
1877	Chester	3	P. Piggott	6 12	5 to 1	33	3.33½	A head	Savanaka	6 2	The Vagabond	7 0
1878	Calamia	5	T. Brown	8 2	10 to 1	27	3.35½	¾ length	Tom Kirk	7 8	Waxy	6 11
1879	Darriwell	5	S. Cracknell	7 4	33 to 1	27	3.30½	½ length	Sweetmeat	7 1	Suarow	6 3
1880	Grand Flaneur	3	T. Hales	6 10	4 to 1	22	3.34½	Length,	Progress	5 10	Lord Burghley	7 5
1881	Zulu	4	J. Gough	5 10	50 to 1	33	3.32½	½ length	The Czar	6 9	Sweetmeat	9 0
1882	The Assyrian	5	C. Hutchins	7 13	33 to 1	25	3.40	½ length	Stockwell	7 5	Gudrz	7 7
1883	Martini Henry	3	J. Williamson	7 5	5 to 1	29	3.30½	1½ lengths	First Water	8 0	Commotion	10 1
1884	Malua	5	A. Robertson	9 9	7 to 1	24	3.31½	½ length	Commotion	9 12	Plausible	6 13
1885	Sheet Anchor	a	M. O'Brien	7 11	20 to 1	35	3.29½	Head	Grace Darling	7 12	Trenton	7 13
1886	Arsenal	4	W. English	7 5	20 to 1	28	3.31	A neck	Trenton	9 5	Silvermine	7 10
1887	Dunlop	5	T. Sanders	8 3	20 to 1	18	3.28½	Length	Silvermine	8 3	The Australian Peer	7 5
1888	Mentor	4	M. O'Brien	8 3	7 to 1	28	3.30½	1½ lengths	Tradition	6 12	The Yeoman	7 3
1889	Bravo	6	J. Anwin	8 7	8 to 1	20	3.32½	A length	Carbine	10 0	Melos	8 12
1890	Carbine	5	R. Ramage	10 5	4 to 1	39	3.28½	2½ lengths	Highborn	6 8	Correze	7 3
1891	Malvolio	4	G. Redfearn	8 4	16 to 1	34	3.29½	¾ length	Sir William	8 7	Strathmore	7 6
1892	Glenloth	5	G. Robson	7 13	50 to 1	35	3.36½	3 lengths	Ronda	6 8	Penance	7 7
1893	Tarcoola	a	H. Cripps	8 4	40 to 1	30	3.30½	½ length	Carnage	7 7	Jeweller	7 7
1894	Patron	4	H. G. Dawes	9 3	33 to 1	28	3.31	¾ length	Devon	7 12	Nada	7 0
1895	Auraria	3	J. Stevenson	7 4	33 to 1	36	3.29	A neck	Hova	8 10	Buriabari	7 8
1896	Newhaven	3	H. Gardner	7 13	4 to 1	25	3.28½	6 lengths	Bloodshot	8 12	The Skipper	8 10
1897	Gaulus	6	S. Callinan	7 8	14 to 1	29	3.31	½ head	The Graftor	7 7	Aurum	8 6
1898	The Graftor	5	John Gough	9 2	8 to 1	28	3.29½	½ a neck	Wait-a-Bit	8 0	Coros	7 10
1899	Merriwee	3	V. Turner	7 6	7 to 1	28	3.36½	A length	Voyou	8 0	Dewey	7 4
1900	Clean Sweep	3	R. Richardson	7 0	20 to 1	29	3.29	1½ lgths.	Malster	7 11	Alix	6 12
1901	Revenue	5	F. Dunn	7 10	7 to 4	19	3.30½	½ length	San Fran	9 7	Khaki	7 11
1902	The Victory	4	R. Lewis	8 12	25 to 1	22	3.29	A neck	Vanity Fair	7 9	Abundance	7 6
1903	Lord Cardigan	3	N. Godby	6 8	5 to 1	24	3.29½	¾ length	Wakeful	10 0	Seaport	7 2
1904	Acrasia	a	T. Clayton	7 6	14 to 1	34	3.28½	¾ length	Lord Cardigan	9 6	Blinker	6 12
1905	Blue Spec	6	F. Bullock	8 0	10 to 1	27	3.27½	¾ length	Scot Free	7 7	Tartan	9 0
1906	Poseidon	3	T. Clayton	7 6	4 to 1	21	3.31½	1½ lengths	Antonious	7 9	Proceed	7 9
1907	Apologue	5	W. Evans	7 9	3 to 1	19	3.27½	¾ length	Mooltan	6 11	Mountain King	7 6
1908	Lord Nolan	3	J. R. Flynn	6 10	16 to 1	22	3.28½	½ head	Tulkeroo	8 9	Delaware	6 9
1909	Prince Foote	3	W. H. McLachlan	7 8	4 to 1	26	3.27½	3 lengths	Alawa	9 3	Aberdeen	6 9
1910	Comedy King	4	W. H. McLachlan	7 11	10 to 1	30	3.27½	½ neck	Trafalgar	9 2	Apple Pie	7 5
1911	The Parisian	6	R. Cameron	8 9	5 to 1	33	3.27½	2 lengths	Flavian	7 5	Didus	7 6
1912	Piastre	4	A. Shanahan	7 9	7 to 1	23	3.27½	1½ lengths	Hallowmas	7 4	Uncle Sam	7 6
1913	Posinatus	5	A. Shanahan	7 10	15 to 1	20	3.31	¾ length	Believe	7 0	Ulva's Isle	6 8
1914	Kingsburgh	4	G. Meddick	6 12	20 to 1	28	3.21½	Neck	Sir Alwynton	8 5	Moonbria	7 4
1915	Patrobust	3	R. Lewis	7 6	8 to 1	24	3.28½	½ neck	Westcourt	7 4	Carlita	8 5
1916	Sasanof	3	F. Foley	6 12	12 to 1	28	3.27½	2½ lengths	Shepherd King	8 3	St. Spasa	9 1
1917	Westcourt	5	W. H. McLachlan	8 5	4 to 1	20	3.26½	½ head	Lingle	8 10	Wallace Isinglass	8 11
1918	Night Watch	5	W. Duncan	6 9	12 to 1	27	3.25½	½ length	Kennaquhair	9 0	Gadabout	8 7
1919	Artilleryman	3	R. Lewis	7 6	10 to 1	20	3.24½	6 lengths	Richmond Main	7 6	Two Blues	6 12
1920	Poitrel	6	K. Bracken	10 0	8 to 1	23	3.25½	½ length	Erasmus	7 0	Queen Comedy	7 0
1921	Sister Olive	3	E. O'Sullivan	6 9	16 to 1	25	3.27½	¾ length	The Rover	8 4	Amazonia	7 11
1922	King Ingoda	4	A. Wilson	7 1	8 to 1	32	3.28½	½ neck	The Cypher	6 12	Mufti	7 9
1923	Bitalli	5	A. Wilson	7 0	4 to 1	26	3.24½	¾ length	Rivoli	9 1	Accarak	6 9
1924	Backwood	6	P. Brown	8 2	8 to 1	18	3.26½	Head	Stand By	8 8	Spearfelt	7 6
1925	Windbag	4	J. Munro	9 2	5 to 1	28	3.22½	½ length	Manfred	7 8	Pilliewinkie	8 13
1926	Spearfeld	5	H. Cairns	9 3	10 to 1	21	3.22½	½ length	Naos	7 0	Pantheon	9 3
1927	Trivalve	3	R. Lewis	7 6	6 to 1	26	3.24	A length	Silvius	7 7	Son o' Mine	8 0
1928	Statesman	4	J. Munro	8 0	7 to 2	17	3.23½	4 lengths	Strephon	7 6	Demost	6 12
1929	Nightmarch	4	R. Reed	9 2	6 to 1	14	3.26½	3 lengths	Paquito	8 5	Phar Lap	7 6
1930	Phar Lap	4	J. E. Pike	9 12	11 to 8 on 15	3.27½	3 lengths	Second Wind	8 12	Shadow King	8 4	
1931	White Nose	5	N. Percival	6 12	8 to 1	14	3.26	2 lengths	Shadow King	8 7	Concentrate	8 10
1932	Peter Pan	3	W. Duncan	7 6	4 to 1	27	3.23½	A neck	Yarramba	7 3	Shadow King	8 12
1933	Hall Mark	3	J. O'Sullivan	7 8	4 to 1	18	3.27½	A head	Shadow King	8 9	Topical	8 7
											Geine Carrington	9 4
											Dead heat for 3rd.	
1934	Peter Pan	5	D. Munro	9 10	14 to 1	22	3.40½	3 lengths	Sarcherie	7 2	La Trobe	7 2
1935	Marabou	4	K. Voitre	7 11	9 to 2	22	3.23½	2½ lengths	Sarcherie	7 13	Sylvandale	9 4
1936	Wotan	4	O. Phillips	7 11	100 to 1	20	3.21½	A neck	Silver Standard	7 8	Balkan Prince	8 0
1937	The Trump	5	A. Reei	8 5	11 to 2	28	3.21½	½ length	Willie Win	8 1	Sarcherie	8 9
1938	Catalogue	a	F. Shean	8 4	25 to 1	22	3.26½	3 lengths	Bourbon	7 12	Ortelle's Star	7 11
1939	Rivatte	a	E. Preston	7 9	5 to 1	26	3.27	½ length	Maikai	7 11	Pantler	7 0
1940	Old Rowley	a	A. Knox	7 12	100 to 1	20	3.26	¾ length	Maikai	9 4	Tidal Wave	7 1

Highlights in the Cup

(Continued from Page 8.)

11st. and over by the V.R.C. handicapper.

Actually the greatest weight carried was Carbine's 10.12 in 1891. His win in the previous year with 10.5 stands as the greatest weight-carrying performance in Cup history.

* * *

What looked like a 6 to 4 chance, Prometheus, had to be withdrawn from the Melbourne Cup in 1882, owing to a cold which developed into influenza.

A week before the Caulfield Cup—for which The Assyrian was a hot-pot—Prometheus and he were sent two miles on the tan about 4.30 o'clock in the morning. It was a record gallop up to that time. The pair finished together with Prometheus on the outside. It was next day that Prometheus and the great two-year-old, Helene, developed influenza.

That epidemic went right through the stable. Fortunately, The As-

syrian missed it. He failed in the Caulfield Cup, however. So badly did he shape that the stable followers put little on him for the Melbourne Cup, which he won after the great storm, with Stockwell second and Gudarz third.

Gudarz was the second leg of the then famous £50,000 to £250 double—Navigator for the V.R.C. Derby, which he won, and Gudarz for the Melbourne Cup.

* * *

Some years ago the Cup claimed a maiden performer—Demost (7.6). Twelve months previously he had finished third to Statesman and Strephon. In all, Demost had contested 30 races, but had been placed in three only. Bitalli won only one race before taking the big event. Ronda (6.7), a maiden, almost confounded the critics in 1892 when she ran Glenloth to half a length.

* * *

I have never won, or shared, a sweep or a lottery in my life, but I have been near the big money twice. In my boyhood a next-door neighbour drew the winner in Adams' consultation, and, again, while a

little girl was our guest, her father sent for a ticket "to buy her a present"—and drew first horse.

* * *

In days before wireless there used to be great battles between the "Evening News" and the "Sun" to be first on the streets with the Cup result. Each newspaper screwed up its organisation to perfection, or near perfection. Each stationed at the other's building a man to check the time of the reptile contemporary's being rushed on to the street, or footpath. Then, in final extra editions, each newspaper tabulated its claim, such as: Cup started (giving the time); Cup finished; result received in our office; selling on the streets.

The figures of the "News" showed the "News" to have been first "with the news." The figures of the "Sun" made a similar claim for the "Sun." Neither argued about the half-minute or quarter-minute difference in the tallies, and each (secretly) conceded the other the admission of having done a really smart job.

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1941**

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THE MAIDEN HANDICAP

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize.
Lowest handicap weight, 7st. For maiden horses at
time of starting. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.

SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE HIGHWEIGHT HANDICAP

A Handicap of £450; second £65, third £35 from the prize.
For all horses. To be ridden by licensed jockeys or
apprentices who have completed the Course in any
Hurdle Race or Steeplechase at any registered meeting
within the last twelve months. Lowest handicap weight,
9st. Nomination £1; acceptance £3/10/-.

SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE CARRINGTON STAKES

A Handicap of £1,000; second £150, third £100 from the
prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes or The Summer
Cup, 1941, to carry such additional weight, if any,
as the handicapper shall determine (not exceeding 10
lb.). Nomination £1; acceptance £9. SIX FURLONGS.

THE ENCOURAGE HANDICAP

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the
prize. For all horses which have never at time of start-
ing, won a flat race (Maiden and Novice Races excepted)
of the value to the winner of more than £75. Nomin-
ation £1; acceptance £2.

ONE MILE.

THE PACE WELTER

A Handicap of £450; second £65, third £35 from the
prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. 7lb. Nomination
£1; acceptance £3/10/-.

ONE MILE.

THE DENMAN HANDICAP

A Handicap of £500; second £80, third £40 from the
prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £4.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

NOMINATIONS are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle; or Mr. Gordon Lockington, 491 Bourke Street, Melbourne, as follows:—

The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup before 4 p.m. on MONDAY, 17th NOVEMBER, 1941.

Minor Events before 4 p.m. on MONDAY, 8th DECEMBER, 1941.

Nominations shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in
force and by which the Nominator agrees to be bound.

PENALTIES—In all races (The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried
by the winner of a Handicap Flat Race after the declaration of weights, viz., when the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.;
over £50 and not more than £100, 5lbs.; over £100, 7lb.

Weights to be declared as follows:—

For The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup at 10 a.m. on Monday, 1st December;

For Minor Events First Day, at 9 p.m. on Saturday, 20th December; and

For Minor Events Second Day, at 8 p.m. on Saturday, 27th December, 1941.

Acceptances are due with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only as follows:—

For all Races on the First Day and Tattersall's Club Cup before 3 p.m. on Monday, 22nd December, 1941; and

For all Races on the Second Day (Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) before 1 p.m. on Monday, 29th December, 1941.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running,
the sequence of the races, time for starting, and the time for taking nominations, declarations of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances; and in the
event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "ABOUT" the distances advertised.

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The Romantic Life of Edgar Wallace

(Continued from page 5.)

the knowledge he could from racing papers, and form guides. He was not particularly interested in racing as a spectacle, and was quite as happy betting away from the course as on it.

Towards the end of 1910 a new paper, the "Evening Times," appeared in Fleet Street, together with a penny weekly called "The Week-end," and Wallace was invited to act as Racing Editor and special writer on both papers. The "Evening Times" seemed to prosper, but the "Week-end" was a financial drag, and at Wallace's suggestion it was turned into a purely racing paper. All sorts of stunts were tried, tips were given in cartoons, and for two and sixpence you could get a certain winner. Flushed with success, he started two other racing sheets on his own account with varying success.

The "Evening Times" was becoming a success in spite of the fact that there were six other evening papers in London at the time, but it received a setback over the famous Dr. Crippen case. It will be remembered that Crippen was supposed to have poisoned his wife, cut her up, and hidden her in the garden of an empty house. Terrific interest was aroused by the case, and a few days before Crippen was to be executed a man called at the "Evening Times" and said Crippen had made a confession to his solicitor, who was willing to sell the confession for £1,000. The confession was not a document written by Crippen himself, but were statements made to his solicitor by Crippen. Eventually the "Times" paid the solicitor £500 for a statement which was to appear on the day of the execution. The "Times" put out posters all over London announcing that the confession would appear in the "Times" after Crippen's execution. The solicitor got panicky, said the Law Society had got wind of the scheme, and refused to give the statement. The "Evening Times" took a firm stand and told the solicitor that unless he produced the statement they would publish the whole story of the solicitor's offer. The solicitor weakened, and supplied them with the statement.

Wallace was instructed to write a stirring introduction to the statement, but unfortunately wrote "The statement printed below is Crippen's own statement. It bears in every line the stamp of authenticity. It is unnecessary to say that no journal—even the least responsible of journals—would print this confession of Crippen's without unimpeachable authority. That authority we possess." This was allowed to go through. The "Times" might have got away with it if they had said that the confession was written by a friend, who was unable to contain it any longer, but other newspapers had been busy, and they applied to the Governor of the gaol, the warders, and the solicitor, who all denied that any confession had been made. They challenged the "Times" to produce its proofs, and denied that any confession had been made. The "Times" remained dumb, they could not corroborate the confession. Their solicitor advised them to publish the whole story, and show up the solicitor's part in the matter, but one of the directors, a member of Parliament who was financing the paper, would not agree, as he considered the "Times" would live the matter down, but exposure would ruin the solicitor. The circulation of the "Evening Times" had, in the meantime, dropped from 100,000 to 60,000, after having sold nearly a million copies of the paper containing the confession. After varying fortunes the "Evening Times" eventually closed down. Edgar Wallace had kept his racing sheets going, although they barely paid, but his enthusiasm eventually waned, and B. M. Hansard, the publisher of one of them, tells how it ceased publication in his book "In and Out of Fleet Street." Wallace called at the office one day and asked how much was in the till. On being told, he drew it out, and said: "I will go to Newmarket and bring back a couple of thousand pounds. I have got a cast-iron certainty." Hiring a car, and taking a lady friend with him, he went off to Newmarket, and on Saturday morning when Wallace was due to return, Mr. Hansard found on his desk a letter which read, "Dear Hansard—Shut the business up, it's no damned good."

Retiring from Fleet Street, Wallace concentrated on writing novels,

magazine stories, sketches for revues, and plays. To increase the commercial value of his writing he would slip in concealed advertisements in his stories, for which he would be liberally paid. The necessity of getting money quickly forced Edgar Wallace to sell his novels outright for £70 or £80 each, but now he received a new and attractive offer from a firm of publishers for six novels. Wallace was to receive £250 as advance royalties on each story, and a rising scale of payment according to the sales. The success of the arrangement was tremendous from the start, and during the next ten years no fewer than forty-six books were published running into millions of copies. But this was not the limit of Wallace's output—he had arrangements with other publishers, and his output numbered more than one hundred and fifty books in twenty-seven years. Despite all the work the writing of these books involved, Wallace was fundamentally lazy, and he rarely walked more than five miles a year. It was this complete lack of exercise which produced the worrying corpulence of his later years. No matter how rushed he was with work, Wallace always found time for racing, or a game of cards at the Press Club, where he was Chairman. His love for the racing game made him become an owner, but his conceit would not allow him to take expert advice when purchasing his horses, and many hundreds of pounds were poured down the sink in consequence. His position as owner did not prevent him from associating with the shabbier side of racing, and he retained an interest in a tipster business in conjunction with a young man known among his friends as "Ringer Barrie," from whom he received from time to time profitable information regarding a "ring-in." He was always good for a "touch," and little racing crooks, confidence men and burglars could always get a few pounds from him for a good anecdote, which would eventually find its way into one of his novels.

So far Edgar Wallace had only touched the fringe of the success which was eventually to come his way. His association with the famous English actor, Gerald du Maurier, began a new era of prosperity. Du

(Continued on Page 15.)

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The Romantic Life of Edgar Wallace

(Continued from Page 13.)

Maurier had what Wallace lacked, a thorough knowledge of the theatre and an extraordinary faculty for "vetting" a play. Their combined efforts resulted in "The Ringer." It ran for a year, and Wallace drew £7,000 in royalties, half of which he insisted Du Maurier should take. It did not make a fortune, but it did establish him as a first-class playwright. Managers were careful to read his plays. Film companies were attracted by his work, and during the next six years saw the production of seventeen of his plays, and it is estimated that the profits from them were over £100,000.

One of Wallace's best plays was "The Calendar," written around authentic racing material and a ruling of the Jockey Club. With the hope of obtaining a reform in the Rules of Racing, Wallace had arranged with the Stewards of the Jockey Club to take part in a friendly test case in the Chancery Court. The suit was based on the ruling that a horse entered for a classic race was automatically scratched if its owner died before the race was run. Part of the entrance fee for a classic race was paid some time before the event, and the balance at the time of the race. The Gaming Act prevented the Jockey Club from recovering the unpaid portion of the fees from the estate of an owner who had died before the race, and the Jockey Club to protect itself had instituted the rule that a horse whose owner died before the race must be debarred from running. Hoping to get the situation corrected, it was arranged that Edgar should deliberately default, and refuse to pay a forfeit of £4 for which he was liable, pleading the Gaming Act, and invited the Jockey Club to take legal action. To the astonishment of everyone, the Judge upheld Wallace, and ruled that racing entrance fees came under the Gaming Act, and were not recoverable by law. The judgment was appealed against, and the decision was reversed. The Jockey Club revised its rules, and everyone was satisfied.

In Wallace's play "The Calendar" the hero is in financial straits, and in a moment of weakness decides

to "pull" his horse in favour of another. He unfortunately writes and tells his lady-love of his intention. She is rather an unprincipled packet, and the hero thinks better of his plans and sends her a £100 note on which is written in indelible pencil his decision. The hero's horse, however, comes in second, and the lady having quarrelled with the hero tries to discredit him, takes his first note to the stewards, but news is received that the owner of the winning horse has died abroad before the race, which automatically made the hero's horse the winner. The lady had kept the £100 note in her safe, not being able to spend or return it, and it was subsequently burgled from her by the hero.

Wallace all this time was living like a millionaire—"money saved was not money enjoyed" was his motto. He bought a house in the country for £5,000 and spent £20,000 in furnishing and bringing it up to date. A permanent bunch of servants with his secretaries cost him £100 a week. Tiring of his London house he took his family to the Carlton Hotel, where his expenses were terrific. His racing expenses were colossal; in addition to the upkeep of a string of horses, he poured money into the bookmakers' bags. He fluked a win of £5,000 on one of his horses, and promptly lost £20,000 in three days at Ascot. The quicker he made money, the quicker he spent it. There was, of course, only one end to this extravagance. There came a time when he had to get more money. Hollywood had made repeated overtures, and at last he decided to go there. Ill-health was creeping on him, and one of the attractions for him was the warm climate of California. With only his secretary, and a valet, Edgar Wallace arrived in Hollywood a sick man. He did not like the life at Hollywood, became miserable and terribly home-sick, frequently ringing up his wife and children, reckoning nought of the £20 for the nine-minutes' conversation. Two old racing friends from England turned up—one was Steve Donoghue—and they decided to go to Agua Caliente for the races over the week-end. His spirits rose when he arrived at the course and found that the important race of the day had been named the Edgar Wal-

lace Stakes, and that he had been appointed an extra steward. The trip was most successful, as the party had backed three winners, and Wallace was very buoyed up by the kindness and consideration shown him. But this was his last trip to a racecourse.

Soon after his return to Hollywood he contracted a cold, which developed so seriously that his valet, now thoroughly alarmed at his condition, sent for a doctor. Wallace's condition was so grave that cables were sent to his wife, preparing her for bad news and asking her to come over by the first ship; but soon after she had left Southampton news of her husband's death reached her on the ship, and she disembarked at Cherbourg. By the time she reached London her famous husband was being brought home on the "Beren-garia," his body lying in an empty saloon covered by a Union Jack, and floral tributes.

An extraordinary state of affairs was disclosed when Edgar Wallace's estate was being prepared for probate. The claims of his creditors amounted to £140,000, and the liquid assets were practically nil. Wallace had formed a limited private company under the name of R. H. E. Wallace Ltd., to which he had assigned all his copyrights for the period of his lifetime. His family were the only shareholders, and he was the managing director. Wallace had drawn £58,000 more than was due to him, which had the extraordinary result that the company was his principal creditor. A new company was formed—Edgar Wallace Ltd.—to deal with the settlement of the estate, and good work by the solicitors engaged by Mrs. Wallace resulted in the liabilities being reduced to £64,000. These negotiations had taken about twelve months, by which time over £25,000 in royalties had come in and were available for distribution amongst the creditors. All tradesmen's accounts were paid in full, and the biggest creditors were persuaded to still further reduce their claims for immediate settlement. At the end of the second year of the newly organised company—Edgar Wallace Ltd.—it had redeemed the debentures that had been issued in part payment of creditors' claims, and was happily paying dividends.

Twenty Years of Golfing Memories

(Continued from page 7.)

only be obtained by sacrificing much that is most to be commended about the game.

Within recent years several players have studiously imitated this method of obliterating their opponents from their thoughts by concentrating entirely upon reeling out par figures. The results may have brought personal gratification, but the manner by which they have obtained them has been far from pleasing, and whilst the mental strain imposed upon a player in a championship — increasing as he progresses — is exacting, it cannot be accepted as an excuse for displays of ill temper or bad manners. All too often the price paid for victory includes the sacrificing of many of the basic elements of good sportsmanship.

It is better to be a good loser than an unscrupulous winner. That does not mean adopting a defeatist attitude. The urge to win is and must be there, but it should always be remembered that the love of the game for itself is one of its most valuable assets. There were occasions when this was forgotten in the seasons before the war. Critics used to say unkind things about our Walker Cup teams and those who had the unenviable task of selection, the common plaint being that our men were more concerned about being good losers than they were about winning. The accusation was ridiculous. Our record against the United States was truly deplorable and many of us despaired of ever winning, but it was quite wrong to say just because we lost that the results were purely negative. Such pessimists would have done well to have remembered that golf is meant to be a friendly affair and not a life-or-death struggle.

This latter attitude was perhaps best reflected in accounts of a match in which a trivial incident was so exaggerated that golfers far from the scene made it the topic of the moment, imagining that resulting tension constituted a threat to future

golfing relationships between the two countries. At other times they would read that Britain had once again lost and had crept from the field of battle in shameful humiliation; to be followed by the cry — why have the match if it only serves to reflect the decadent state of our amateur golf, and so on. That was one side of the picture and the only side which was presented to a section of the golfing community. But there was also the view of the ordinary onlooker who was actually present. He would hear of the "incident," but not until he read the account would he realise the significance attached to it, and somewhat puzzled he would recall the contradiction of having seen both disputants walk off the green together to have a drink. Our onlooker might be present when Britain lost, but the result, although naturally of paramount importance, did not seem to assume such gigantic proportions, nor did it cause the vanquished to grovel in the dust before their victors in shameful servitude. The distant critic is apt to forget that such events, if practice times are to be included, last for several days, and, irrespective of results, draw to memorable conclusions with the visiting team filling the role of golfing ambassadors to the last, and right nobly have they fulfilled their obligations in the past. On that score alone it is impossible to overestimate the value of these international match-play contests.

It would be foolish, however, to imagine that this form of play is always ideal. Much depends upon your opponent, and if he has some annoying trick or mannerism you are completely at his mercy. Looking back I can recall certain golfers to be avoided because of this failing. There was the man who insisted upon describing his previous experiences at certain holes, how he sank a seven-yarder for a 3 at the seventh, and then proceeded to pick-up at this same hole after requiring 6 to reach the green; that type common to all

clubs who, finding himself several holes down, suddenly discovered that his lumbago had been torturing him ever since he left the clubhouse, but that he had been enduring the agony in silence worthy of an early church martyr; of the wretched fellow who insisted upon praising each shot and delighted in imparting the information that you were bunkered when you already had seen the ball disappear into the hazard yourself; and to this list of trivial annoyances which assume outsize proportions before the end of the round I should add the straw hat belonging to a member of the Yale University team which toured our courses a few seasons ago. Its design left nothing to be desired, but its brim was unusually pliable and every time the players reached the green the hushed silence of respect was broken by this brim creaking in the breeze. Against an unduly sensitive opponent it must have been worth a couple of strokes to its owner.

But even allowing for all these irritations of the flesh I can conceive few golfing pleasures more enjoyable than an evenly-matched tussle against a congenial opponent with a warm hand-grip at the end whatever the result, and the knowledge that you have added yet another golfing friend to an already long list.

"THE FIELD."

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY

The horse and cow live thirty years
And nothing know of wines or beers.
The goat and sheep at twenty die,
Without the taste of rum or rye.
The cow drinks water by the ton,
And at eighteen is nearly done.
The dog at fifteen cashes in
Without the aid of ale or gin.
The cat in milk and water soaks,
Then in twelve short years it croaks.
The modest, sober, bone-dry hen
Lays eggs for years and dies at ten.
All animals are strictly dry,
They sinless live and swiftly die.
Yet sinful, ginfull, rum-soaked men
Survive for three-score years and ten;
And some of us—the mighty few—
Stay pickled till we're ninety-two.



LISMORE—Queen City of the North

WHERE the Richmond River meets Wilson and Leycester Creeks stands Lismore, called after the Isle of Lismore in Scotland by the first official settler on the Richmond—William Wilson.

The location of the town is ideal, the river being navigable by ships of 1,000 tons, the climate genial and healthy, although extremes of heat and cold are experienced. The average rainfall is 45 inches.

The first official discovery in the Richmond district took place in 1828, when Alan Cunningham and Henry Rous shared the honours of successful exploration, but the earliest map, published in 1843, showed no settlement.

"Tomki" was taken up in 1840 by Clay and Stapleton, but financial difficulties forced them to dispose of their stock to Clark Irving, who was later to become a great landowner and shareholder in the Colonial Sugar Refining Company.

In 1842 Ward Stephens took up land for Scott, of "Glendon," and other early settlers included Busby, of Busby's Flat, Shaw and Leycester of "Tunstell," Machattie for Dr. Mackellar at "Tatham," Barnes of Bungawalbyn on behalf of Clark Irving, and Sandeman of "Gibberagee" (part of the "Broadwater" area, which later passed to Clark Irving).

Early settlers experienced difficulties with regard to their sheep, for thousands died from fluke and footrot; one instance being that of William Maister, who is reported to have lost 12,000 out of 16,000 sheep when he was driving through the country.

The red cedar along the Richmond attracted timber-getters, who established settlements at Gundarimba and Bexhill, which for a time, surpassed Lismore in growth. In 1851 the gold fever swept over the district, and the inevitable boom followed when cattle jumped from 10/- to £8 per head, tallow brought £30 per ton, flour £80 per ton, and cedar 80/- per hundred feet.

The second step of Lismore's development came from the sugar industry.

Sugarcane growing was introduced into the Richmond district by Rev. J. Thorn, and the first sugar mill established by the McCann Bros., at Alstonville, near Perry's Farm, where, amid their four acres of growing cane, sugar was produced under the most primitive conditions.

The Colonial Sugar Refining Company began crushing operations at Broadwater in 1881, and the plant increased from year to year, until it has eventually become one of the largest and best equipped sugar mills in the world.

The development of shipping inevitably followed when steam ships superseded sailing vessels, this progressive step actually heralding the commencement of the North Coast Steam Navigation Company.

One of the earliest storekeepers, E. Coleman, opened in 1857 the Newtown Store in Coleman Lane, opposite the Church of England. In 1876 the first newspaper "The Lismore Star," was founded by William Kelleway; in 1879 the town became a Municipality; in 1888 the Gas Works were established, followed in 1889 by the water supply, and in 1891 the Hon. Bruce Smith turned the first sod of the Lismore-Murwillumbah railway.

The third great period of development in Lismore came with the phenomenal rise of the dairying industry.

Although in its infancy less than 20 years ago, progress has been so rapid that now hundreds of tons of butter are turned out weekly and annually more than 25,000 pigs pass through the Lismore saleyards in connection with the natural corollary of dairying—the bacon industry.

The town probably led N.S.W. in the establishment of the first public telephone service, and in 1927 electric light lit the whole Municipality.

There is now an up-to-date radio station—2LM.

Since 1870 the population of Lismore has increased by more than 10,000, and the police district alone now boasts a population of 20,000.

The town and district has forged ahead from the impetus of its last established industry, dairying, although in addition to this, timber, sugar and bananas have made the district famous.

Lismore, in beautiful surroundings, can view with pardonable satisfaction the progressive modern town and products of the soil—equal to the State's best—which have made possible the proud title of "Queen City of the North."



Lismore Branch.

**The RURAL BANK
O F N E W S O U T H W A L E S**

ASK FOR IT!

TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SPECIALY IMPORTED

**HOUSE
Whisky**

(*Highland Nectar*)

PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

Bottled under the supervision
of the Commonwealth Customs

The Quality Never Varies